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**THE GIFT OF  
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Fifth January

1830







**THE BEE;**  
**A**  
**COLLECTION OF POEMS,**  
**CHIEFLY**  
**DESIGNED FOR THE YOUNG.**



**DUBLIN :**  
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Edward Percival Meritt

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# THE BEE,

&c.

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## CHILDREN COMING TO CHRIST.

As infants once to Christ were brought,  
That he might bless them there ;  
So now, we little children ought  
To seek the same by pray'r.

For when their feeble hands were spread,  
And bent each infant knee,  
“ Forbid them not,” the Saviour said,  
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,  
But on his heavenly hill ;  
To him may little children go,  
And seek a blessing still.

B

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,  
 The Saviour kindly smil'd ;  
 Oh ! then he will not frown on me,  
 Because I am a child.

---

### AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

LORD ! teach a little child to pray,  
 Thy grace betimes impart,  
 And grant thy holy spirit may  
 Renew my infant heart.

For Christ can all my sins forgive,  
 And wash away their stain ;  
 And fit my soul with him to live,  
 And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,  
 For he hath said they may ;  
 His bosom then shall be their home,  
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face  
 Shall surely taste his love,  
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace  
 To dwell with him above.

# HELPLESSNESS OF INFANCY.

SAFE sleeping on its mother's breast  
 The smiling babe appears ;  
 Now sweetly sinking into rest,  
 Now wash'd in sudden tears :  
 Hush, hush, my little baby dear,  
 There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without the mother's tender care  
 The little thing must die ;  
 Its infant hands too feeble are  
 One service to apply,—  
 And not a little does it know  
 What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass,  
 When scarcely born a day ;  
 The foal, beside its mother ass,  
 Trots frolicking away :  
 And not a creature, tame or wild,  
 Is half so helpless as a child.

Full many a Summer's sun must glow,  
 And lighten up the skies,  
 Before its little limbs can grow  
 To any thing of size :  
 And all the while the mother's eye  
 Must every little want supply.



Then surely when each little limb  
 Shall grow to healthy size,  
 And youth and manhood strenghten him  
 For toil and enterprize—  
 His mother's kindness is a debt,  
 He never, never should forget.

---

### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Be with me, Lord ! where'er I go ;  
 Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;  
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,  
 Direct me in thy narrow way.

Prevent me lest I harbour pride,  
 Lest I in my own strength confide ;  
 Shew me my weakness ; let me see  
 I have all power, my God, from thee.

Enrich me always with thy love ;  
 My kind protector ever prove ;—  
 Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,  
 And let thy spirit on me rest,

Assist and teach me how to pray,  
 Incline my nature to obey ;  
 What thou abhorr'st that bid me flee,  
 And only love what pleaseth thee.

## EARLY PIETY.

Some little children young in years  
 Their bless'd Redeemer know,  
 And when they're naughty, precious tears  
 For having grieved him flow.

Then tenderness and heavenly love  
 With peace rest in their mind,  
 And all their little ways do prove  
 That God's love makes them kind.

And often when they sit alone  
 His spirit makes them pray ;  
 The shepherd's voice to them is known,  
 They hear it and obey.

And in the darkness of the night,  
 Whilst on their beds they lie,  
 They feel that darkness and the light  
 Are open to his eye.

And sometimes tears of heav'nly joy  
 Upon their face are seen :  
 Sweet, silent tears ! without alloy,  
 That flow where God has been.

And not unheeded do they flow,  
 The children's contrite sigh

And humble tears, the Lord doth know,—  
 He hears their plaintive cry,  
 Father of all ! he soothes their woe,  
 And is for ever nigh.

---

### EARLY TRUST IN GOD.

Now that my journey's just begun,  
 My course so little trod,  
 I'll stay before I further run,  
 And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led  
 Through sinful paths to stray,  
 I would at once begin to tread  
 In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend  
 I cannot now foretell ;  
 But if the Lord should be my friend,  
 I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die  
 And leave me mourning here,  
 Since God regards the orphan's cry,  
 Oh what have I to fear ?

If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,  
 Temptation to withstand,  
 And make me willing to impart  
 The bounties of his hand.

If I am poor he can supply  
 Who has my table spread—  
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
 And fills his poor with bread.

---

### THANKSGIVING FOR REST.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,  
 For quiet and peaceable rest ;  
 I thank thee for stooping to keep  
 An infant from being distrest :  
 O how can a poor little creature repay,  
 Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day.

My voice would be lisping thy praise,  
 My heart would repay thee with love ;  
 O teach me to walk in thy ways,  
 And fit me to see thee above :—  
 For Jesus said, let little children come nigh,—  
 He will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as thou seest it right  
 That here upon earth I should stay,  
 I pray thee to guard me by night,  
 And help me to serve thee by day ;  
 That when all the days of my life shall have past,  
 I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

## EVENING THANKSGIVING.

**LORD**, I have pass'd another day,  
 And come to thank thee for thy care ;  
 Forgive my faults in work and play,  
 And listen to my ev'ning pray'r.

**Thy** favour gives my daily bread,  
 And friends, who all my wants supply ;  
 And safely now I rest my head,  
 Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

**Look** down in pity, and forgive  
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss,  
 And help me every day I live,  
 To serve thee better than in this.

**Now**, while I speak, be pleas'd to take  
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;  
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,  
 To listen to my ev'ning prayer.

## A CHILD'S GRAVE.

**WHAT** is this little grassy mound,  
 Where pretty daisies bloom ?  
 What is there lying under ground ?  
 It is an infant's tomb.

Alas ! poor baby, did it die ?  
 How dismal that must be !  
 To bid this pretty world good-bye,  
 Seems very sad to me.

Silence, my child ; for could we hear  
 This happy baby's voice,  
 We should not drop another tear,  
 But triumph and rejoice.

" O do not ever weep for me,"  
 The happy soul would say ;  
 " Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free  
 From that poor sleeping clay.

" Mourn not because my feeble breath  
 Was stopp'd as soon as giv'n :  
 There's nothing terrible in death,  
 To those who come to Heaven.

" No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,  
 My pleasures here destroy :  
 I live with God and all his saints,  
 And endless is our Joy.

" While with the spirits of the just,  
 My Saviour I adore,  
 I smile upon my sleeping dust  
 That now can weep no more."

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,  
Who dwell'st in heaven ador'd,  
But present still through all thy works,  
The universal Lord.

For ever hallow'd be thy name  
By all beneath the skies ;  
And may thy kingdom still advance,  
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage may we yield,  
With hearts resign'd to thee ;  
And as in heaven thy will is done,  
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own  
The hand that feeds us still :  
Give us our bread, and make us rest  
Contented in thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess ;  
Oh may they be forgiv'n ;  
As we to others mercy show,  
We mercy beg from heav'n.

Still let thy grace our life direct,  
From evil guard our way,  
And in temptation's fatal path  
Permit us not to stray.

For thine's the pow'r, the kingdom thine,  
 All glory's due to thee ;  
 Thine from eternity they were,  
 And thine shall ever be.

---

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

GREAT GOD, and wilt thou condescend  
 To be my father and my friend?—  
 I, a poor child, and thou so high,  
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

Art thou my Father?—canst thou bear  
 To hear my poor imperfect pray'r ;  
 Or stoop to listen to the praise  
 That such a little one can raise ?

Art thou my Father?—let me be  
 A meek obedient child to thee ;  
 And try, in word, and deed, and thought,  
 To serve and praise thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend  
 Upon the care of such a friend ;  
 And only wish to do, and be,  
 Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art thou my Father?—then, at last,  
 When all my days on earth are past,  
 Send down ; and take me in thy love,  
 To be thy better child above.



**“REMEMBER THY CREATOR.”**

In the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb—

Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For him thy pow'rs employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course  
'Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of bless'd eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heav'nly truth ;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

**HEAVENLY WISDOM.**

How happy is the child that hears  
Instruction's warning voice ;  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold :  
 And her reward is more secure  
 Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young with innocence  
 In pleasant paths to tread ;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

### THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

By envious Cain we're taught  
 How murder may begin,  
 And how one angry, jealous thought,  
 May lead to greater sin.

Our evil actions spring  
 From small and hidden seeds :  
 At first, we think some wicked thing,  
 Then practise wicked deeds.

Cain once, perhaps, might start  
 At what he soon might be ;  
 But they who trust an evil heart,  
 May prove as vile as he.

With many a fair pretence  
 It tempts us further on ;  
 And hides the dreadful consequence  
 Till life and hope are gone.

Oh ! for a holy fear  
 Of ev'ry evil way,  
 That we may never venture near  
 The path that leads astray.

Wherever it begins,  
 It ends in death and wo ;  
 And he who suffers little sins,  
 A sinner's doom shall know.

---

#### THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF HEALTH.

How gracious is my God !  
 If he denies me wealth,  
 He gives me still a greater gift—  
 The precious gift of health.

My health I would devote  
 To spread his praise abroad,  
 And would my infant pow'rs employ  
 To serve and please my God.

How many children are  
 On beds of grief and pain !  
 They hope and wait for health and ease,  
 But hope and wait in vain.

Oh ! may I ne'er forget  
 My God so good and kind ;  
 But serve him with my ev'ry pow'r  
 Of body and of mind.

---

#### THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

WHY should I love my sport so well,  
 So constant at my play,  
 And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,  
 And then forget to pray ?  
 What do I read my Bible for,  
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?  
 And shall I dally know thee more,  
 And less obey thee still ?  
 How senseless is my heart, and wild !  
 How vain are all my thoughts !  
 Pity the weakness of a child,  
 And pardon all my faults.  
 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,  
 And let me love to pray ;  
 Since God will lend a gracious ear  
 To what a child can say.

---

#### BLESSINGS OF PIETY.

How blest is he who ne'er consents  
 By ill advice to walk,  
 Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
 Where men profanely talk ;

But makes the perfect law of God  
 His practice and delight ;  
 Devoutly reads therein by day,  
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,  
 With timely fruit doth bend,  
 He still shall flourish, and success  
 His just designs attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts  
 No lasting rest shall find ;  
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
 Like chaff before the wind.

For God approves the just man's ways—  
 To happiness they tend ;  
 But all the paths which sinners tread,  
 In shame and ruin end.

#### FILIAL GRATITUDE.

RECEIVE my body, humble bed,  
 Soft pillow, O receive my head !  
 I thank my parents kind,  
 Who comforts such as these provide :  
 Their precepts still shall be my guide,  
 Their love I'll keep in mind,

My hours mispent this day I rue,  
 My good things done, how very few!  
 Forgive my faults, O Lord?  
 This night, if in thy grace I rest,  
 To-morrow I shall rise refresh'd,  
 To keep thy holy word.

---

### DUTIFUL JEM.

THERE was a poor widow, she liv'd in a cot,  
 And scarcely a blanket to warm her she'd got,  
 Her windows were broken her walls were all bare  
 \* And the cold winter wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,  
 Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were thin,  
 And she must have starv'd, as so many have done,  
 If she had not been bless'd with a good little son.

But he lov'd her well—like a dutiful lad,  
 He thought her the very best friend that he had,  
 And now to neglect or forsake her he knew  
 Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,  
 While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,  
 And he thought it his duty and greatest delight,  
 To work for her living, from morning to night.

So he went ev'ry morning, as gay as a lark,  
 And work'd all day long in the fields till 'twas dark;

Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,  
And joyfully gave her the wages he'd got.

And, Oh, how she lov'd him ! how great was her joy,  
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy !  
Her arms round his neck she would tenderly cast,  
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled fast.

O then, was not little Jem happier far,  
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are ?  
For, long as he liv'd, 'twas his comfort and joy,  
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

### LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS,

My Father, my Mother, I know,  
I cannot your kindness repay,  
But I hope, that as older I grow,  
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You lov'd me before I could tell  
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;  
But now that I know it so well,  
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should  
Be naughty and give you a pain,  
I hope I shall learn to be good,  
And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare  
 To act an undutiful part ;  
 May I often wish in my pray'r  
 For an humble and teachable heart.

---

**A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH  
 OF A DEAR MOTHER.**

A Poor afflicted child I kneel  
 Before my heav'nly Father's seat,  
 To tell him all the grief I feel,  
 And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep : I cannot stay  
 These tears, that trickle while I bend,  
 Since thou art pleas'd to take away  
 So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain  
 The many times I griev'd her sore ;  
 Oh, if she would but come again,  
 I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye !  
 'Twould be my play to do her will !  
 And she should never have to sigh  
 Again, for my behaving ill !



But since she's gone so far away  
 And cannot profit by my pains,  
 Let me this Child-like duty pay  
 To that dear-parent who remains.

Let me console his broken heart,  
 And be his Comfort, by my care ;  
 That when at last we come to part,  
 I may not have such grief to bear.

---

#### GRATITUDE TO TEACHERS.

Oh smile on those whose time and care  
 Are spent on our instruction here,  
 And let our conduct ever prove  
 We're grateful for their generous love.

Through life may we perform thy will,  
 Our humble stations wisely fill ;  
 Then join the friends we here have known,  
 In nobler songs around thy throne.

---

#### " THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbour's right,  
 Nor covet what is not thine own ;  
 The pilfering thief, that shuns the light,  
 Brings on his head the vengeance down.

When children in their early days  
 Begin to cheat, defraud, and steal,  
 By swift degrees they find the ways  
 Which lead to infamy and hell.

---

### CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I sing th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That fill'd the earth with food ;  
 He form'd the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
 Where'er I turn my eye,—  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flow'r below  
 But makes thy glories known ;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
 Are subject to thy care ;  
 There's not a place where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
 With wrath in hell beneath :  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He keeps me with his eye ;  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh ?

---

#### GOD OUR FATHER AND OUR FRIEND.

COME let us join our God to praise,  
 Whose mercy knows no end ;  
 To him our cheerful voices raise,  
 Our Father, and our Friend.

In tender infancy his care,  
 Preserved our lives from harm ;  
 And now he keeps us from the snare  
 Of sin's deceitful charm.

He gently draws our mind to heaven,  
 By kind instructions given —  
 And, by his reverential fear,  
 We seek the way to heaven.

He gives us friends who seek our good,  
 And strive to make us wise ;  
 His bounteous hand provides our food,  
 And all our wants supplies.

---

#### DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

To do to others as I would  
 That they should do to me,  
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,  
 As children ought to be.

We never need behave amiss,  
 Nor feel uncertain long ;  
 As we can always tell by this,  
 If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal, or use,  
 The smallest thing I see,  
 Which I should never like to lose,  
 If it belong'd to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite  
 To strike an angry blow ;  
 Because I should not think it right,  
 If others serv'd me so.

But any kindness they may need,  
 I'll do, whate'er it be—  
 As I am very glad indeed  
 When they are kind to me.

Whether I am at home, at School,  
Or walking out abroad,  
I never should forget this rule  
Of Jesus Christ the Lord.

---

#### DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Love God with all your soul and strength,  
With all your heart and mind ;  
And love your neighbour as yourself ;  
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with an other as you'd have  
Another deal with you :  
What you're unwilling to receive,  
Be sure you never do.

---

#### OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you,  
And neither do nor say to men,  
Whate'er you would not take again.

**GOD EVERY WHERE PRESENT.**

Among the deepest shades of night,  
 Can there be one who sees my way?  
 Yes,—God is like a shining light  
 That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,  
 May I not sin without controul?  
 No!—for a constant watch *He* keeps,  
 On every thought of every soul:

If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet had never trod;  
 Yet there I could not be alone,  
 On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, He frowns to hell;  
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea;  
 I *must* within his presence dwell;  
 I *cannot* from his anger flee!

Yet I may flee,—He shows me where;  
 To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;  
 And while I seek for pardon there,  
 There's only mercy in his eye.

# **GOD SEES AND KNOWS EVERY THING**

I'm not too young for God to see ;  
 He knows my name and nature too ;  
 And all day long he looks at me,  
 And sees my actions through and through.  
 He listens to the words I say,  
 And knows the thoughts I have within :  
 And whether I'm at work or play,  
 He's sure to see it if I sin.  
 O ! how could children tell a lie,  
 Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
 If they remember'd God was by,  
 And had them always in his sight ?  
 When those we love are standing near,  
 It makes us careful what we do ;  
 And how much more we ought to fear  
 The Lord who sees us through and through.  
 Then when I want to do amiss,  
 However pleasant it may be,  
 I'll always try to think of this—  
 I'm not too young for God to see.

---

# **AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.**

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
 For God hath made them so ;  
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
 For 'tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let  
 Such angry passions rise,—  
 Your little hands were never made  
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
 And all your words be mild ;  
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
 That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,  
 And as his stature grew,  
 He grew in favour both with man,  
 And God, his Father, too.

Now Lord of all, he reigns above,  
 And from his heavenly throne,  
 He sees what children dwell in love,  
 And marks them for his own.

---

#### LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,  
 There should be peace at home ;  
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,  
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,—  
 And 'tis a shameful sight,  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.



The wise will let their anger cool,  
 At least before 'tis night ;  
 But in the bosom of a fool  
 It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
 Our little brawls remove ;  
 That as we grow to riper age,  
 Our hearts may all be love.

---

#### LOVE TO OUR ENEMIES.

WHEN Christ among the sons of men  
 In humble form was found,  
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
 They compass'd him around.

With tenderness he bore their griefs,  
 Their peace he still pursued ;  
 They render'd hatred for his love,  
 And evil for his good.

Their malice raged without a cause,  
 Yet with his dying breath,  
 He pray'd for murd'ers on the cross,  
 And bless'd his foes in death.

From the rich fountains of his love  
 What streams of mercy flow !  
 " Father, forgive them, Jesus cries,  
 " They know not what they do,"

Let not this bright example shine  
 In vain before our eyes :  
 Give us, great God ! a soul like his,  
 To love our enemies.

---

#### CONTENTMENT.

SHEPHERD, seek not wealth or power ;  
 Let the green and leafy bower,  
 And the hills, and vales, and trees,  
 And the lonely cottage please :

Can the gaudy, gilded room  
 Equal fields in summer bloom ?  
 Quit not, then, thy farm or fold,  
 Nor exchange thy peace for gold !

Thou art happier in thy sphere,  
 Than the children of the peer ;  
 For neither riches, rank, nor pow'r,  
 Can give one single happy hour.

In the city's tempting glare,  
 Dwell disease, and strife and care :  
 Quit not then thy farm or fold,  
 Nor exchange thy peace for gold !

## THE ANT OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!  
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,  
 Without our regard or concern ;  
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their School,  
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,  
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or play,  
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,  
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;  
 They manage their work in such regular forms,  
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the  
 storms,  
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,  
 Nor provide against dangers in time ;  
 When death or old age shall once stare in my face,  
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
 If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in  
 bloom,  
 Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall  
 come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven :  
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,  
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,  
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

## PLEASURES OF INDUSTRY AND CONTENTMENT.

SOME think it a hardship to work for their bread,  
 Although for our good it was meant;  
 But those that don't work, have no right to be fed;  
 And the idle are never content.

An honest employment brings pleasure and gain,  
 And makes us our troubles forget;  
 For those that work hard have no time to complain,  
 And 'tis better to labour than fret.

E'en if we had riches, they could not procure  
 A happy and peaceable mind;  
 Rich people have trouble, as well as the poor,  
 Although of a different kind.

It signifies not what our stations have been,  
 Nor whether we're little or great;  
 For happiness lies in the temper within,  
 And not in the outward estate.

We only need labour as hard as we can,  
 For all that our bodies may need;  
 Still doing our duty to God and to man,  
 And we shall be happy indeed.

# AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day,  
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

How skilfully she builds her cell—  
 How neat she spreads the wax,—  
 And labours hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes,

In works of labour or of skill,  
 I would be busy too ;  
 For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
 Let my first years be past ;  
 That I may give for ev'ry day,  
 Some good account at last.

# THE SAFETY OF A VIRTUOUS COURSE.

THERE was an orchard large and round,  
 And plums and pears were there ;  
 But round it grew a hedge of thorns,  
 Which sharp and prickly were.

Two little naughty boys one night  
 Resolved to steal the fruit,  
 And tried to cross the hedge of thorns,  
 In their most vile pursuit.

But on the other side a pit  
 Of mire and mud they found,  
 And, trying to pass over it,  
 These naughty boys were drown'd.

Attend, my little child, so dear,  
 To what I now shall say—  
 And thou wilt ever happy be,  
 If thou my words obey :

For if thou keep in virtue's way,  
 Thy life will happy be;  
 But if thou stray from its good path,  
 Destruction waits on thee.

---

#### THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,  
 " You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."  
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;"  
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without  
 number :

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,  
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher :  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,  
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find  
He had taken more care of improving his mind ;  
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking :  
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, here's a lesson for me,  
This man's but a picture of what I might be ;  
Then thanks to my parents, who taught me to know  
That idleness still is the mother of woe.

---

#### VALUE OF TIME.

Oh! while this clock attracts thy sight,  
Thy reason let it warn ;  
And seize, my dear, that rapid time  
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care  
The blessing can restore ;  
And Heav'n will call us to account  
For ev'ry ill-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,  
 And soon its wishes end ;  
 Yet on that day's uncertain length  
 Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our gaining good  
 The time to virtue's given,  
 And ev'ry minute well improved,  
 Secures a place in Heaven.

---

LINES BY DR. DODDRIDGE.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,  
 And take the pleasure of the present day :  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.—  
 Lord, in my view, let both united be !  
 I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

---

SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON THE CREATOR AND  
 DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above  
 Lord of the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas,—  
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
 And with my lips, I'll sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,  
 To teach us all what we must do :—  
 My soul to his commands submit,  
 For they are holy, just, and true.



There is a gospel of rich grace,  
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,  
 For often do I break thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,  
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;  
 A thousand children, young as I,  
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,  
 Before the day of grace is fled;  
 There's no repentance in the grave,  
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell  
 To north or southward, there it lies;  
 So man departs to Heav'n or hell,  
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies,

---

#### IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,  
 Bear my fleeting life away:  
 Lo! in ~~the~~ under eastern skies  
 The sun appears, and bids me rise—  
 Tells me, Life is on the wing,  
 And has no returning spring;  
 Death comes on with steady pace,  
 And life's the only day of grace.

Shining Preacher ! happy morning,  
 Let me take th' important warning ;  
 Rouse then all my active pow'rs,  
 Well improvè the coming hours :  
 Let no trifles kill the day,  
 (Trifles oft our hearts betray,)—  
 Wisdom, virtue, knowledge, truth,  
 Guide th' enquiries of my youth.  
 Wisdom, and experience sage,  
 Then shall soothe the cares of age ;  
 These with time shall never die ;  
 These will lead to joys on high ;  
 These the path of life display,  
 Shining with celestial day ;  
 Blissful path, with safety trod,  
 The end of which is Heav'n and God.

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#### A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

*Wherein all young persons, especially those of the  
 Female Sex, are directed how they may obtain the  
 greatest beauty, and adorn themselves with an  
 holy conversation.*

DEAR child, these words which briefly I declare  
 Let them not hang like jewels in thine ear ;  
 But in the secret closet of thine heart,  
 Lock them up safe, that they may ne'er depart.

Give first to God the flower of thy youth  
 Take for thy guide the holy word of Truth ;  
 Adorn thy soul with grace ; prize wisdom more  
 Than all the pearls upon the Indian shore.

Think not to live still free from grief and sorrow,  
 The man that laughs to-day, may weep to-morrow ;  
 Nor dream of joys unmixed here below,  
 No roses here but what on thorns do grow.

Scorn this deluding world that most bewitches,  
 And place thy hopes in everlasting riches ;  
 Make room for Christ——let not so base a guest  
 As earth, have any lodging in thy breast.

Bad company, as deadly poison shun,  
 Thousands by it are ruin'd and undone :  
 The giddy multitude still goes astray ;  
 Turn from the broad,—and chuse the narrow way.

Keep death and judgment always in thine eye ;  
 He's only fit to live, that's fit to die :  
 Make use of present time, because thou must  
 Shortly take up thy lodging in the dust.

'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun  
 And night approach before our work is done.  
 Let not thy winged days be spent in vain ;  
 When gone, no gold can call them back again.

Strive to subdue thy sin when first beginning,  
 Custom, when once confirm'd, is strangely dinning ;

Be much in pray'r, it is the begging trade,  
By which true Christians are the richer made.

Of meditation get the blessed art,  
And often search thine own deceitful heart :  
Fret not with envy at thy neighbour's wealth,  
Preferment, learning, beauty, strength, or health.

Abhor the-lying tongue, vile fraud detest ;  
Plain-hearted men by Providence are blest ;  
Take heed of idleness, that cursed nurse  
And mother of all vice ;—there's nothing worse.

And fly from pride—high hills are barren sound,  
But lowly valleys with choice fruits are crown'd.  
Short, sinful, pleasures and delights eschew ;  
Eternal torment is their wages due.

The rules of temperance observe and keep  
That thou offend not in meat, drink, or sleep :  
No costly garments wear ; let men admire  
Thy conduct, rather than thy rich attire.

Get a good treasure laid up in thy heart,  
Which, by discourse, thou wisely may'st impart  
To profit others :—holy thoughts within  
Will guide thy tongue, and guard thy lips from sin.

Learn to distinguish between faithful friends  
And fawning flatterers, who, for basest ends,  
Will speak thee fair, with words as soft as oil,  
And make a show of friendship to beguile.

The secrets of thy friend do not disclose,  
 Lest, by so doing, thou resemble those  
 Whose ears are leaky vessels, which contain  
 Nought that's pour'd in, but what runs out again  
 Straight at their mouths, proclaiming them unfit  
 For any trust, and to be void of wit.

If thou resolve to change a single life,  
 And hast a purpose to become a wife;  
 Then chuse thy husband not for worldly gain,  
 Nor for his comely shape, nor beauty vain.

But, if the fear of God, most excellent!  
 Be chiefly minded, look for true content;  
 Cast off all needless and distrustful care,  
 A little is enough—too much, a snare.

Our journey from our cradle to our grave,  
 Can be but short;—no large provision crave;  
 For such conveniences as must be had,  
 Trust in thy God, who hath so richly clad  
 The fragrant meadows with fresh silver showers,  
 Sent down to nourish tender plants and flowers;  
 He, for each chirping bird, provides a nest;  
 And gives all creatures that which feeds them best.

To Him give thanks for mercies which before  
 Thou hast received—this makes way for more;  
 For faults, before his face, reprove thy friend;  
 But, all good deeds behind his back commend.

Labour for peace, chuse to contend with none,  
 Let reason with sweet calmness keep the throne ;  
 Treading fierce wrath, and lawless passion down :  
 The grace of meekness is a woman's crown.

Be loving, patient, courteous and kind,  
 So doing thou shalt grace and honour find  
 Here upon earth ; and when all-conqu'ring death  
 Thy body shall dissolve, and stop thy breath,

Upon the golden wings of faith and love,  
 Thy soul shall fly to Paradise above  
 Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease,  
 And there be crown'd with endless joy and peace.

#### THE SINFULNESS OF WASTING TIME.

Some people complain they have nothing to do,  
 And time passes slowly away ;  
 They saunter about, with no object in view,  
 And long for the end of the day.

In vain are their riches, or honours, or birth,  
 They nothing can truly enjoy ;  
 They're the most wretched creatures that are upon earth  
 For want of some pleasing employ.

When people have no need to work for their bread,  
 And indolent always have been ;  
 It never so much as comes into their head,  
 That wasting their time is a sin.

But man was created for useful employ,  
 From the earliest ages till now ;  
 And 'tis good for his health, and his comfort, and joy,  
 To live by the sweat of his brow.

And those who of riches are fully possess,  
 Are not for that reason exempt ;  
 If they give themselves up to an indolent rest,  
 They are objects of real contempt.

The pleasure that constant employments create,  
 By them cannot be understood ;  
 For though they may rank with the rich and the great,  
 They never can rank with the good.

---

### THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures whilst we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comforts when we die.

After death its joys shall be  
 Lasting as eternity ;  
 Let me, then, make God my friend,  
 And on all his ways attend.

STANZAS SUBJOINED TO A BILL OF MORTALITY,  
A.D. 1787.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run  
The men's barge-laden wave,  
All these, Life's rambling journey done,  
Have found their home—the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail  
Than in foregoing years?  
Did famine, or did plague prevail?  
That so much death appears?

No—these were vig'rous as their sires,  
Nor plague nor famine came;  
This annual tribute death requires,  
And never waives his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall;  
The axe will strike at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foliage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen,  
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run! the solemn truth  
With which I charge my page,  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And in the root of age.



No present health can health ensure  
 For yet an hour to come ;  
 No med'cine, though it often cure,  
 Can always balk the tomb. "

And oh ! that humble as my lot,  
 And scorn'd, as is my strain,  
 These truths, though known, too much forgot  
 I may not teach in vain.

. . . . .

#### HOME IN VIEW.

As when the weary trav'ler gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives if, cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, tho' distant still—

While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,  
 He slights the space that lies between ;  
 His past fatigues are now forgot,  
 Because his journey's end is seen :

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;

Now any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode:  
Assur'd our home will make amends,  
For all our toil when on the road.

### HEAVEN THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING HOME.

WHILE in the world we still remain,  
We only meet to part again;  
But when we reach the heav'nly shore  
We then shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day,  
Should chase our present griefs away;  
A few short years of conflicts past,  
We meet around the throne at last.

Then let us here improve our hours—  
Improve them to a Saviour's praise;  
To him, with zeal, devote our pow'rs  
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

Let all our meetings now be made  
 Subservient to another's good ;  
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
 Nor can they yield substantial food.

Whene'er required to part from those  
 With whom the truth unites us here,  
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,  
 When Christ the Saviour will appear.

Then shall his saints all meet again,  
 For so his word of promise says,  
 With him for ever to remain,  
 And sing his everlasting praise.

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Belov'd of heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons imparadise the night ;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;  
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,  
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole

For in this land of heav'n's peculiar grace,  
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:  
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;  
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie:  
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
 "Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"  
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
 Oh! thou shall find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land, *thy* country—and that spot, *thy* home

---

#### THE DANGER OF DELAY.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,  
 Stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
 Wisdom if you still despise,  
 Harder is she to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore;  
 Stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
 Lest thy season should be o'er,  
 Ere this evening's stage is run

Hasten, sinner! to return,  
 Stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
 Best thy lamp should fail to burn  
 Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner! to be blest!  
 Stay not for to-morrow's sun,  
 Lest perdition thee arrest,  
 Ere the morrow is begun.

---

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child whose early years  
 Receive instruction well;  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,  
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
 A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,  
 Is no mean sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin  
 To fear the Lord betimes;  
 While sinners that grow old in sin,  
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young,—  
 Grace will preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
 Our childhood we resign ;  
 'Twill please us to look back, and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath ;  
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

---

#### CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

AUTHOR of good ! to thee I turn ;  
 Thy ever-wakeful eye  
 Alone can all my wants discern,  
 Thy hand alone supply.

With bread sufficient to the day  
 My mortal frame supply,  
 And feed the soul, that moves my clay,  
 With manna from on high.

O let thy fear within me dwell,  
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;  
 That love shall vainer loves expel,  
 That fear all fears beside.

Do thou my erring feet secure ;  
 O lead me far from ill ;

And keep me upright, just, and pure,  
In act, in word, and will.

Not to my wish, but to my want,  
Do thou thy gifts apply ;  
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant ;  
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

#### PRAISE TO GOD IN PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy !  
Let thy praise our tongues employ :  
For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use.  
All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that lib'ral Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;  
These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solmn praise.  
Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;

Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;  
 Yet to thee my soul should raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
 And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
 Love Thee—for thyself alone.

---

### " WHY YIELD TO GRIEF

'TWAS when the seas with hideous roar  
 A little bark assail'd,  
 And potent fear, with awful power,  
 O'er each on board prevailed—

Save one, the Captain's darling child,  
 Who fearless view'd the storm,  
 And playful with composure smiled  
 At danger's threat'ning form.—

" Why sporting thus ?" a seaman cried,  
 " When sorrows overwhelm ?"  
 " Why yield to grief," the boy replied—  
 " My Father's at the helm ?"

---

### THE CREATION.

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun  
 Through all the sky his circuit run,  
 At rising morn, at closing day,  
 And when he beam'd his noontide ray ?



Say did'st thou e'er attentive view  
 The ev'ning cloud, or morning dew ?  
 Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow  
 Rise in the east a beauteous show ?

When darkness has o'erspread the skies,  
 Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise ;  
 And with a mild and placid light,  
 Shed lustre o'er the face of night ?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,  
 And view'd the fields and waving grain—  
 The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,  
 Where all is melody and love ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore, `  
 And heard the restless ocean roar ;  
 When rous'd by some tremendous storm,  
 Its billows roll in dreadful form ?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream  
 Through night's dark gloom with sudden gleam,  
 While the bellowing thunders' sound  
 Roll'd rattling through the heav'ns profound ?

---

#### THE GLORY OF THE CREATOR.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue etherial sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up her wond'rous tale,  
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth :

While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amidst these radiant orbs be found—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice—  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

#### THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !  
 The glory of April and May ;—  
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast  
 Above all the flow'rs of the field ;  
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,  
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
 Though they bloom, and look gay like a rose ;  
 For all our fond care to preserve them is vain,  
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
 Since both of them wither and fade,  
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;—  
 This will scent like a rose, when I'm dead.

### THE DROWNING FLY.

In yonder glass behold a drowning fly :  
 His little feet how vainly does he ply !  
 Poor, helpless insect ! and will no one save ?  
 Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave ?  
 My finger's top shall prove a friendly shore ;  
 There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er,  
 Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear ;  
 Go, join thy numerous kindred in the air.  
 Away it flies, resumes its harmless play,  
 And lightly gambols in the golden ray !

## VIRTUOUS YOUTH AND CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

You are old, Father William, the young man he said,  
 The few locks that are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William reply'd,  
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,  
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man he said,  
 And pleasures with you pass away ;  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone—  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William reply'd,  
 I remember'd that youth would not last ;  
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man he said,  
 And life must be hasting away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William reply'd,  
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
 In the days of my youth, I remember'd my God—  
 And he hath not forgotten my age.

**“ PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”**

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines at thy command.

The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh ! make thy servants truly wise,  
T' improve each passing day.

One thing demands our care,  
Be that one thing pursu'd—  
Lest, slighted now, we never hear  
Thy warning voice renew'd;

Teach us thy name, to fear  
Spread an alarm abroad,  
And cry in ev'ry careless ear,  
“ Prepare to meet thy God.”

---

**THE HAPPY FAMILY.**

Oh! 'tis a pleasant sight to see  
A poor but honest family,  
United in the bonds of love,  
Seeking the wisdom from above

Their steps to guide, their labours bless,  
 To comfort them in each distress,  
 And make them taste true happiness.  
 And, still, as ev'ning shades retire,  
 To see them gather round the fire,  
 Happy and pleas'd again to meet ;  
 The little ones their sisters greet,  
 When all day parted doubly sweet.  
 Their humble dwelling neat and clean,  
 Shows where th' industrious hand has been  
 Daily employed, with busy care,  
 For children with their mother share  
 The labour—which keeps order there.  
 Sanded the floor, the window bright,  
 Clean is the hearth, the table white ;  
 No clothes unfolded strew the bed,  
 But neat-patch'd quilt in order spread,  
 The children's work when school is finish'd ;  
 The Bible neatly covered o'er,  
 With pious rev'rence, and a store  
 Of useful books which point to youth  
 The paths of virtue and of truth.  
 All prove a source of pure delight,  
 And gladden many a winter's night.  
 Their day's work done, before they rest  
 Some child belov'd who reads the best,  
 The Bible takes, the rest draw near,  
 Well-pleased those heav'nly truths to hear,  
 Which fill their hearts with love,  
 And make their parents dear.

Perhaps that part of scripture is their choice,  
 Where Jesus says, "My sheep they hear my voice ;"  
 Yes, they do hear him, those who feel his love,  
 Soft'ning their hearts and drawing them above—  
 They the good shepherd know, and his sweet influence  
 prove.

---

### REFLECTIONS DURING A STORM.

THE air is chill, the rain falls fast,  
 And dark and wintry is the night,  
 And cold and biting is the blast,  
 And not a star affords its light :  
 How can I, then, ungrateful be,  
 Who have a house to cover me ?

How many poor around me roam,  
 Not knowing where to lay their head ;  
 Without a friend, without a home,  
 Except it be a mud-wall'd shed !  
 How can I, then, ungrateful be,  
 Who have a house to cover me ?

How can I, then, while thus I live,  
 Be discontented with my lot ?  
 The Lord does many mercies give,  
 Yet who so often is forgot ?  
 Then may I ever grateful be,  
 For all the Lord has given to me.

## HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where Saints immortal reign,  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,  
 And never withering flowers ;  
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
 This heavenly land from our's.

But, timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea ;  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we bid those fears remove,  
 Those painful fears that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbecclouded eyes.

Could we but stand where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er ;  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Could fright us from the shore.



## PRESERVING MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night  
 Preserved, O Lord, by thee,  
 Again we hail the cheerful light,  
 Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,  
 And guide us by thy arm !  
 For they are safe, and only they,  
 Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

Oh ! may the beams of truth divine,  
 With clear convincing light,  
 In all our understandings shine,  
 And chase our mental night.

Let all our words, and all our ways,  
 Declare that we are thine ;  
 That so the light of truth and grace,  
 Before the world may shine.

Nor let us turn away from thee—  
 Dear Saviour, hold us fast,  
 Till with immortal eyes, we see  
 Thy glorious face at last.

### ULYSSES' DOG.

**WHEN** wise Ulysses, from his native coast,  
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,  
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,  
 To all his friends and e'en his Queen unknown :  
 Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,  
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,  
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,  
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,  
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew ;  
 The faithful dog alone his master knew !  
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,  
 Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay ;  
 And tho' e'en then, expiring on the plain,  
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful men,  
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again :  
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,  
 'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,  
 Seiz'd with dumb joy ; then falling by his side,  
 Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

---

### ON REPENTANCE.

**REPENTANCE** is, to leave  
 The sins we loved before ;  
 And show that we in earnest grieve,  
 By doing so no more.

E

Lord, make us thus sincere,  
 To watch as well as pray ;  
 However small, however dear,  
 Take all our sins away.

And since the Saviour came  
 To make us turn from sin ;  
 With holy grief and humble shame,  
 May we at once begin.

If Jesus Christ was sent  
 To save us from our sin,  
 And kindly teach us to repent,  
 We should at once begin.

He says, he loves to see  
 A broken-hearted one ;  
 He loves that sinners such as we  
 Should mourn for what we've done.

'Tis not enough to say,  
 We're sorry and repent ;  
 And still go on, from day to day,  
 Just as we always went.

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#### TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

LORD ! I am poor, yet hear my call ;  
 Bestow my daily bread ;

Give me, at least, the crumbs that fall  
From tables richly spread.

'Thou canst for all my wants provide,  
And bless my homely crust :  
The ravens cry, and are supplied—  
And ought not I to trust ?

Behold the lilies how they grow,  
Though they can nothing do ;  
And will not God, who clothes them so,  
Afford me raiment too ?

And seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold  
The riches some possess,  
Grant me what's better far than gold—  
Thy grace and righteousness.

Oh, may I heav'nly treasure find,  
And chuse the better part ;  
Give me an humble, pious mind,  
A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,  
And grant the help I need :  
And then, though I am mean and poor.  
I shall be rich indeed.

## CONSCIENCE; OR, THE LIGHT WITHIN.

How shall a simple child be taught  
Thy holy law to understand ;  
How purify each sinful thought,  
And live by thy command ?

By turning to the light within,  
Which doth thy will declare,  
Reproving for each secret sin ;  
For thou canst read it there.

Then let my heart, when night draws near,  
Before I close my eyes to rest,  
Look o'er the day that's past, for fear  
I have thy will transgress'd.

And with the morn's returning light  
Lift up my soul to thee ;  
And keep me always in thy sight,  
And often visit me.

Oh ! let not falsehood tempt my lips  
To frame deceit, but may I hold  
Within my heart, thy sacred truth,  
More precious far than gold.

Thus may a simple child be taught,  
Thy holy law to understand ;  
To purify each sinful thought,  
And live by thy command.

## PRAYER FOR TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

I WANT a principle within  
 Of godly, jealous fear;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near.

That I from thee no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve;  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give.

Quick as the pupil of an eye,  
 O God my conscience make!  
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove;  
 And let me weep my life's short day  
 For having griev'd thy love.

Oh may the least omission, pain  
 My well-instructed soul!  
 And drive me to that grace again  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

# THE LORD WILL HEAR THY PRAYER.

MAY I try to lisp his praise  
 Who protects my infant days ?  
 Will the Lord of glory hear ?  
 Will he, mother ? Yes, my dear.

May I pluck the flow'rs that grow ?  
 Will he make fresh blossoms blow ?  
 Will the Lord of heav'n above  
 Let me love him ? Yes, my love.

Oh ! I will then, I will say,  
 Make me better ev'ry day—  
 Make me gentle, good, and kind—  
 He will hear thee—thou wilt find.

# THE FLOWERS THAT NEVER DIE.

I WISH that flow'rs would always grow  
 As sweet as they are made,  
 Then lilies would be white as snow,  
 And roses never fade.

But now they wither and decay,  
 And all their beauty flies ;  
 The rose, that sweetly blooms to-day,  
 Before to-morrow dies.

O yes, my love ! but flow'rs there are  
 That blossom in the breast—  
 By heav'nly goodness planted there,  
 The sweetest and the best.

The snow-white lily without stain  
 Is not so pure as truth ;  
 It never fades, but shall remain  
 In everlasting youth.

And sweeter than the sweetest rose  
 Is love shd o'er thy mind ;  
 The heart is tender where it flows—  
 To ev'ry creature kind.

These are the flow'rs that never die,  
 But bloom throughout the year :  
 The blossoms of *sweet piety*  
 No blight but sin need fear.

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### THE BUTTERFLY.

THE butterfly, an idle thing,  
 Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing  
 Like to the bee and birds  
 Nor does it, like the prudent ant.  
 Lay up for times of future want,  
 A wise and cautious hoard.



My youth is but a summer's day ;  
 Then like the prudent ant I'll lay  
     A store of learning by ;  
 And though from flow'r to flow'r I rove,  
 My stock of wisdom I'll improve,  
     Nor be a butterfly.

---

### CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear, lie still, and slumber ;  
     Holy angels guard thy bed !  
 Heavenly blessings without number,  
     Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,  
     House and home, thy friends provide ;  
 And without thy care or payment,  
     All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
     Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from heaven he descended  
     And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;—  
     Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
 When his birth-place was a stable,  
     And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features,  
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright !  
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?  
 How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger,  
 Cursed sinners could afford,  
 To receive the heav'nly stranger ?  
 Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,  
 Though my song might sound too hard ;  
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet, to read the shameful story,  
 How the Jews abus'd their King ;  
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,  
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kindred shepherds round him,  
 Telling wonders from the sky !  
 Where they sought him, there they found him,  
 With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,—  
 Lovely infant, how he smil'd !  
 When he wept the mother's blessing  
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! he slumbers in the manger,  
 Where the horned oxen fed !

Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him  
Trust and love him all thy days ;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire ;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

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### SPRING.

WHEN green grass first begins to spring,  
And daffodils appear,  
When robins in the morning sing,  
'Then pleasant spring is near.

In pleasant spring, the gardens round,  
With blossoms are all gay ;  
Then joyous is the cuckoo's sound.  
For Winter's far away.

Summer comes next with sultry hours ;  
 When in the field is seen ;  
 The mower sweeping grass and flow'rs  
 Before him on the green.

'Tis Autumn, when the reaper goes  
 To bind the yellow corn,  
 When apples ripen on the boughs,  
 And red haws on the thorn.

With hoary frost, and rain and snow,  
 Dark Winter follows near,  
 Thus Seasons, as they come and go,  
 " Record the rolling year."

Father of all, th' Almighty bade  
 The Spring's sweet blossoms rise ;  
 The Summer's fruit his goodness made,  
 Whilst bounteous Autumn by his aid  
 The Winter food supplies.

#### HAY TIME.

THE grass and flowers which clothe the field,  
 And look so green and gay ;  
 Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,  
 And fall and fade away.

Fit emblem of our fallen state!  
 Thus in the scripture glass,

The young, the strong, the wise, the great,  
May see themselves but grass

Oh! trust not to your fleeting breath,  
Nor call your time your own ;  
Around, you see the scythe of death  
Is mowing thousands down.

And you who hitherto are spared,  
Must shortly yield your lives ;  
Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,  
Before the stroke arrives.

The grass when dead revive no more ;  
You die to live again ;  
But oh! if death should prove the door  
To everlasting pain !

Lord, help us to obey thy call,  
That, from our sins set free,  
When like the grass our bodies fall,  
Our souls may spring to thee.

---

#### THE SOWER.

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground :  
The sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatters blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil  
 Shoots forth a hasty blade,  
 But ill repays the sower's toil--  
 Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to haulk  
 All hopes of harvest there;  
 We fence a tall and sickly stalk,  
 But not a fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway side  
 Receive the trust in vain,  
 The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
 And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power  
 Has bless'd the happy field;  
 How plenteous is the golden store  
 The deep-wrought furrows yield!

Father of Mercies, we have need  
 Of thy preparing grace;  
 Let the same hand that gives the seed,  
 Provide a faithful place.

### THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,  
 In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,  
 Desirous her little blue apron to fill,  
 With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

F

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,  
 To play, or to idle and chat,  
 Except now and then she will wipe her hot face ;  
 And fan herself with her broad hat.

“ Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,  
 How tired and hot you must be !  
 Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,  
 And sit with them under the tree ? ”

“ Oh, no ! for my mother lies ill in her bed,  
 Too feeble to spin or to knit :  
 And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,  
 And yet we can't give them a bit.

“ Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,  
 While they are so hungry and ill ?  
 Oh, no ! I had rather work hard all the day,  
 My little blue apron to fill.

---

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden green and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

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### THE APPLE TREE,

OLD John had an apple-tree healthy and green,  
 Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,  
     So juicy, so mellow, and red;  
 And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,  
 He sold them to children that pass'd by his door,  
 To buy him a morsel of bread.



little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see  
 With longing eye viewing this nice apple-tree,  
 And wishing a codling might fall :  
 One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,  
 He began thinking whether he might not take one,  
 And then he look'd over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,  
 He said to himself, " O how nice they would be,  
 So cool and refreshing to-day !  
 The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,  
 And old John won't see, for he is not at home,  
 And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,  
 Remember, tho' old John can't see you just now,  
 And no one to chide you is nigh—  
 There is one, who by night, just as well as by day,  
 Can see all you do, and hear all you say,  
 From his glorious throne in the sky.

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,  
 Content hot or weary, or thirsty to be,  
 Or any thing rather than steal ;  
 For the great God, who even in darkness can look,  
 Writes down ev'ry crime we commit, in his book,  
 However we think to conceal.

## GOD EVERY WHERE.

God made the world—in ev'ry land,  
 His love and pow'r abound;  
 All are protected by his hand,  
 As well as Irish ground.

The Indian hut and Irish cot  
 Alike his care must own;  
 Though savage nations know him not,  
 But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,  
 And constant bounty pours—  
 From wild Arabia's burning sands,  
 To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades and silent plains,  
 Where feet have never trod,  
 There, in majestic pow'r, He reigns  
 An ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,  
 Who dwell beneath the sun,  
 Of different nations, name, and birth,  
 He knows them ev'ry one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,  
 The cultur'd and the wild;  
 The lofty monarch on the throne,  
 And ev'ry little child.

He knows the worthy from the vile,  
 And sends his mercies down :  
 None are too mean to share his smile,  
 Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing eye  
 My inmost heart can see,  
 Teach me from ev'ry sin to fly,  
 And turn that heart to thee.

---

#### DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

HEAR what the voice from Heaven proclaims,  
 For all the pious dead ;  
 Sweet is the savour of their names,  
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;  
 How kind their slumbers are !  
 From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,  
 And freed from ev'ry snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord ;  
 The labours of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward.

Of all the pious christians dead,  
 May we the footsteps trace ;  
 Till, with them, in the land of light,  
 We dwell before thy face.

**EPITAPH ON A POOR BUT HONEST MAN.**

Stop, reader, here, and deign a look  
On one without a name;  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune or of fame.

Studios of peace, he hated strife,  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;  
His coat of arms—"a spotless life;"  
"An honest heart,"—his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;  
And thus his motto ran:  
"A conscience void of all offence  
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride  
Now scorns his pedigree;  
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
To this great family.

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**AN OLD BEGGAR MAN.**

I see an old man sitting there,  
His wither'd limbs are almost bare,  
And very hoary is his hair.

Old man, why are you sitting so?  
For very cold the wind doth blow—  
Why don't you to your cottage go?

Ah, master! in the world so wide  
 I have no home wherein to hide,  
 No comfortable fire-side!

When I, like you, was young and gay,  
 I'll tell you what I us'd to say—  
 That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught  
 Some useful business, as I ought,  
 To play about was all I sought.

And now that I am old and gray,  
 I wander on my lonely way,  
 And beg my bread from day to day.

But oft I shake my heavy head,  
 And many a bitter tear I shed,  
 To think the useless life I've led!

### MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,  
 And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?  
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,  
 Who was it sung sweet lullaby,  
 And rock'd me that I should not cry?  
 My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,  
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
 And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,  
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,  
 And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,  
 And taught me prettily to play,  
 And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
 And would some pretty story tell,  
 Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
 And love God's holy book and day,  
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
 Affectionate and kind to thee,  
 Who wast so very kind to me,

My Mother.

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear;  
 And, if God please my life to spare,  
 I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,  
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
 And I will soothe thy pains away,  
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
 And tears of sweet affection shed,  
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,  
 Would look, with vengeance in his eyes,  
 If I should ever dare despise,  
My Mother.

---

#### MY FATHER.

Who took me from my Mother's arms,  
 And smiling at her soft alarms,  
 Shewed me the world and nature's charms?  
My Father.

Who made me feel and understand  
 The wonders of the sea and land,  
 And mark'd, through all, the Maker's hand?  
My Father.

Who climbed with me the mountain's height,  
 And watch'd my looks of dread delight,  
 While rose the glorious orb of light?  
My Father.

Who, from each flower and tender stalk,  
Gather'd a honied store of talk,  
To fill the long, delightful walk?

My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread,  
Or strike the stinging nettle dead;  
Who taught at once my heart and head?

My Father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line  
Religion graved on Virtue's shrine,  
To make the human race divine?

My Father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light  
Of memory, gleams upon my sight;  
Bursting the sepulchre of night?

My Father.

Oh! teach me still thy Christian plan;  
Thy practice with thy precept ran;  
Nor yet desert me, though a man,

My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,  
With charms of thy angelic voice:  
Still prompt the motive and the choice,

My Father.

For yet remains a little space,  
Ere I shall meet thee, face to face;  
And, not as now, in vain embrace,

My Father



Soon, as I hope, at Mercy's seat,  
 Spirits made perfect, we shall meet ;  
 Thee, with what transports shall I greet!  
 My Father.

---

### THE SUN, A MONITOR.

My God, thou mak'st the sun to know  
 His proper hour to rise,  
 And, to give light to all below,  
 Dost send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East  
 His morning race begins,  
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
 The business of the day ;  
 Begin my work betimes, and still  
 March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
 Nor let my soul complain,  
 That the young morning of my days  
 Has all been spent in vain.

# FERVENT PRAYER.

TEACH me to pray, and let my pray'r  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the off'rings of my heart  
To reach the lofty skies.

Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around.  
But oh ! how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !

What have I done for him that died,  
From sin to save my soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !

Lord, turn this guilty heart of mine,  
That I to thee may flee,  
And to thy love my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.

Meet me, I pray, with words of peace,  
And fill my heart with love ;  
That from my folly I may cease,  
And henceforth faithful prove.

---

# IMPLOING DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go ;  
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;

Suggest whate'er I think or say ;  
 Direct me in thy narrow way.  
 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride ;  
 Lest I in my own strength confide,  
 Show me my weakness, let me see  
 I have all power, my God, from thee.  
 Enrich me always with thy love ;  
 My kind protector ever prove ;  
 Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,  
 And let thy spirit on me rest.  
 Assist and teach me how to pray,  
 What thou abhor'st,—that bid me flee,  
 And only love what pleases thee.

---

#### SUBMISSION.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay ;  
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
 To find that better way.  
 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught thy goodness has denied,  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.  
 Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see ;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath :  
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death !  
 This day be bread and peace my lot,  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

---

#### PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days ;  
 Bounteous source of every joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.  
 For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the grape's delicious juice,  
 For the generous olive's use.  
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
 Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.  
 All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
 All that liberal Autumn pours,  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores,

These to thee, O God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow,  
 And for these, my soul shall raise,  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,  
 From its stem the ripening ear ;  
 Should the fig tree's blasted shoot,  
 Drop her green untimely fruit.

Should the vine put forth no more,  
 Nor the olive yield her store ;  
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
 And the herds desert the stall.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain,  
 The early and the latter rain ;  
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,  
 And the rising year destroy.

Yet to thee my soul should raise,  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
 Love thee for thyself alone.

### DANGER AND FOLLY OF LYING

WHEN Ananias thought to hide  
 The money he had got,

He and his wife Sapphira died  
For their deceitful plot.

Then let all children shun and fear  
To say what is not true,  
As God can always see and hear—  
And he can punish too.

No real good can e'er proceed  
From doing what is wrong ;  
For if at first it should succeed,  
'Twill not continue long.

Elisha's servant told a lie,  
In hopes to gain some gold :  
He knew his master was not by,  
And never would be told.

But God with great displeasure sees,  
The money thus procured ;  
And for this sin, a sad disease  
He all his life endured,

---

#### CLEANLINESS BETTER THAN FINERY.

SOME poor little ignorant children delight  
In wearing fine ribbons and caps ;  
But this is a very ridiculous sight,  
Though they do not know it, perhaps.

Clean hands and clean faces, and neatly combed hair  
 And garments made decent and plain,  
 Are better than all the fine things they can wear,  
 Which make them look vulgar and vain.

A girl who will keep herself tidy and clean,  
 (As every child easily may,)  
 Needs not be afraid or ashamed to be seen,  
 Whoever may come in her way.

Then, children, attend to the words you repeat,  
 And always remember this line—  
 'Tis a credit to any good girl to be neat,  
 But quite a disgrace to be fine.

#### AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to hide  
 Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
 The arts of dress did ne'er begin  
 Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,  
 Her robe of innocence was gone;  
 And yet her children vainly boast  
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are, how fond to show  
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new!

When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly,  
Appear in gayer coats than I ;  
And though I deck me as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind ;—  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace ;—  
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare,—  
This is the raiment angels wear ;  
The Son of God when here below,  
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
Nor fears the rain, nor moth nor mould ;  
It takes no spot, but still refines,—  
'The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this, on earth, would I appear,  
Then go to heav'n and wear it there ;  
God will approve it in his sight,  
'Tis his own work, and his delight.



## IRELAND'S HAPPY GROUND.

SPORTING on the village green  
 The tidy Irish girl is seen,  
 Or, beside her cottage neat,  
 Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door  
 Sweeping clean her kitchen floor,  
 While upon her dresser white  
 Her pewter plates are polish'd bright.

Mary never idle sits,  
 She either sews, or spins, or knits:  
 Hard she labours all the week,  
 With sparkling eye and rosy cheek,

And, on Sunday, Mary goes,  
 Neatly dressed in decent clothes—  
 Gets her task, (a constant rule,)  
 And hastens to the Sunday-school.

O how good should we be found,  
 Who live on Ireland's happy ground;  
 Where rich, and poor, and wretched, may  
 All learn to walk in wisdom's way!

---

 EVENING PRAISE.

LORD, I have pass'd another day,  
 And come to thank thee for thy care;

Forgive my faults in work and play,  
And listen to my evening pray'r.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,  
And friends, who all my wants supply ;  
And safely now I rest my head,  
Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down, in pity, and forgive  
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;  
And help me, ev'ry day I live,  
To serve thee better than on this.

Now, while I sleep be pleas'd to take  
A helpless child beneath thy care ;  
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,  
To listen to my evening prayer.

---

#### GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

FOUNTAIN of blessing, ever bless'd,  
Enriching all, of all possess'd ;  
By whom the whole creation's fed,  
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

To thee my very life I owe,  
From thee do all my comforts flow ;  
And ev'ry blessing which I need  
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

Great things are not what I desire,  
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;  
 Content with little would I be—  
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

---

#### A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide  
 For ev'ry creature's want!  
 We bless Thee, God of nature wide,  
 For all thy goodness lent;  
 And, if it please Thee, heav'nly Guide,  
 May never worse be sent;  
 But, whether granted or denied,  
 Lord, bless us with content.—*Amen.*

---

#### ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship thee!  
 Behold! in unison they pray;  
 They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;  
 'Tis like a little heav'n below—  
 Not all my pleasures and my play  
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
 The texts and doctrines of thy word ;  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
 I may lie down and wake with God.

---

#### THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through ;  
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
 My rising and my resting hours,  
 My soul, my flesh, and all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known ;  
 He knows the words I mean to speak,  
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;  
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand—  
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
 I am surrounded still by God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great ;  
 What large extent—what lofty height !

My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast.  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O, may these thoughts possess my breast  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

---

### SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun !  
How lovely and joyful the course he has run !  
Although in a mist his career was begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain :  
But now the fair traveller's come to the West,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,  
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian—his course he begins,  
Like the sun in the mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears—then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way :  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his space,  
Of rising in brighter array.

## THE GOD OF NATURE AND PROVIDENCE.

Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord,  
 All nature rests upon his word ;  
 Mercy and truth his courts maintain,  
 And own his universal reign.

At his command, the morning ray  
 Smiles in the East, and leads the day ;  
 He guides the sun's declining wheels  
 Beneath the verge of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice,  
 The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,  
 To see the earth made soft with show'rs,  
 Laden with fruit and drest in flow'rs.

'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,  
 He gives the thirsty grounds supply ;  
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
 Does his enriching drops dispense.

The pastures smite in green array,  
 There lambs and larger cattle play ;  
 The larger cattle and the lamb,  
 In diff'rent language, speak thy name.

Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine,  
 In all the earth thy glories shine ;  
 Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;  
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

## THE GOOD EXAMPLE.

JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,  
 Once became a child like me :  
 Oh, that in my whole behaviour,  
 He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy—  
 Pride and passion dwell within ;  
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,  
 And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying  
 Some new pleasure to possess ;  
 He was always self-denying—  
 Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature ;  
 Guide me by thy word of truth ;  
 Condescend to be my teacher  
 Through my childhood and my youth.

Often I shall be forgetful  
 Of the lessons thou hast taught—  
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,  
 Or indulging foolish thought.

Then permit me not to harden  
 In my sin, and be content ;  
 But bestow a gracious pardon,  
 And assist me to repent.

## COMPASSION.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair ;  
 'Tis a nest where the wood-pigeons breed :  
 But let me that plunder forbear—  
 She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, she averr'd;  
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young;  
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

## THE NEGRO BOY.

[*The African Prince, who was some years ago in England, being asked what he had given for his watch? replied—"What I will never give again; I gave a fine boy for it."*]

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,  
 And selfish views alone bear sway;  
 Man turns a savage to his kind,  
 And blood and rapine mark his way:  
 Alas! for this poor simple toy,  
 I sold a blooming Negro Boy!

His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
 Tho' black, yet comely to their view;  
 I tore him helpless from their side,  
 And gave him to a ruffian crew;



To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,  
I sold the blooming Negro Boy.

From parents, friends, and country torn,  
His tender limbs in chains confin'd,  
I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
And mark'd his agony of mind :  
But still, to gain this simple toy,  
I gave away the Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,  
I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell :  
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave !  
A beast that *Christians* buy and sell !  
And in their cruel tasks employ  
The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
Shall long explore the distant main,  
In hopes to see the youth return ;  
But all their hopes and sighs are vain :  
They never shall the sight enjoy  
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime,  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime :  
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ—  
A poor dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,  
 Whose voice in thunder's heard on high.  
 Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
 And hurl the lightning thro' the sky,  
 In his own time will sure destroy  
 Th' oppressors of the Negro Boy.

---

### SELF-EXAMINATION.

Now, for a while, aside I'll lay  
 My childish trifles and my play,  
 And call my thoughts, which rove abroad,  
 To view myself, and view my God.  
 I'll look within, that I may see  
 What I now am, what I must be.

I am the creature of the Lord ;  
 He made me by his powerful word ;  
 This body, in each curious part,  
 Was wrought by his unfailing art ;  
 From him my noble spirit came,  
 My soul, a spark of heavenly flame ;  
 That soul by which my body lives,  
 Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and grieves,  
 And must in heaven or hell remain,  
 When flesh is turn'd to dust again.

What business then should I attend,  
 Or what esteem my noblest end ?

Sure it consists in this alone,  
 That God, my maker, may be known ;  
 So known, that I may love him still,  
 And form my actions by his will ;  
 That he may bless me while I live,  
 And when I die my soul receive—  
 To dwell for ever in his sight,  
 In perfect knowledge and delight.

---

### ON HEAVEN.

FAR from the narrow scenes of night  
 Unbounded glories rise,  
 And realms of infinite delight,  
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land—could mortal eyes  
 But half its charms explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise,  
 And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come ;  
 There grief no more complains ;  
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
 And purest pleasure reigns.

No malice, strife, or envy, there,  
 The sons of peace molest ;  
 But harmony, and love sincere,  
 Fill ev'ry happy breast.

No cloud those blissful regions know,  
 For ever bright and fair ;  
 For sin, the source of mortals' woe,  
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,  
 Nor yet the scorching ray ;  
 But glory from th' eternal throne  
 Spreads everlasting day.

Oh ! may this heavenly prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love !  
 May lively faith, and strong desire,  
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

---

#### GLORY TO GOD—MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
 To pay the morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past,  
 And live this day as 'twere the last ;  
 T' improve thy talents take due care ;  
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience, as the noon day, clear ;  
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways,  
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing  
 Glory to th' eternal King.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless joy partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, y'angelic host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#### GLORY TO GOD—EVENING.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light ;  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills, which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.

O! may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweetsleep my eyelids close;  
Sleep, that may me more active make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may,  
With joy behold the judgment day.

If wakeful in the night I lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And save me from th' approach of ill.

---

#### THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;

- 'Twas thus, by the cave of a mountain afar;  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;  
 No more with himself, or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.
- "Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?  
 "Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 "For spring shall return, and a boon shall bestow,  
 "And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall;  
 "But, if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay,  
 "Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to,  
 "mourn,  
 "Oh! soothe him whose pleasures, like thine pass away,  
 "Full quickly they pass, but they never return.
- "Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 "The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays,  
 "But lately I marked when majestic on high  
 "She shone, and the planets were lost in her rays.  
 "Roll on, thou fair orb! and, with gladness, pursue  
 "The path that conducts thee to splendour again;  
 "But, man's faded glory! what change shall renew?  
 "Ah! fool! to exult in a glory so vain.
- "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,  
 "I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,  
 "For morn is returning your charms to restore,  
 "Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with  
 "dew:  
 "Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
 "Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;  
 "But, when will spring visit the mouldering urn,  
 "Oh! when will it dawn on the night of the grave!

" 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 " That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 " My thoughts wont to rove from shade onward to shade,  
 " Destruction before me, and sorrow behind :  
 " Oh ! pity, great Father of light ! then, I cried,  
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;  
 " Lo ! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,  
 " From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.  
 " And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 " No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,  
 " So breaks on the traveller faint and astray,  
 " The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 " See truth, love, and mercy, in triu      descending,  
 " And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom ;  
 " On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are  
     " blending,  
 " And beauty, immortal, awakes from the tomb."

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#### A MORAL REFLECTION.

*Written on the last day of the year 1823,*

EIGHTEEN hundred and twenty-three  
 Is now for ever past ;  
 EIGHTEEN hundred and twenty-four  
 Will fly away as fast.

But whether life's uncertain scene  
 Shall hold an equal pace ;  
 Or whether death shall come between  
 And end my mortal race ;



Or whether sickness, pain, or health;  
 My future lot shall be ;  
 Or whether poverty or wealth—  
 Is all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis  
 To watch with careful eye ;  
 Since ev'ry season spent amiss  
 Is register'd on high.

Too well I know what precious hours  
 My wayward passions waste ;  
 And, Oh ! I feel my mortal pow'rs  
 To dust and darkness haste.

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,  
 To meet her final fire ;  
 But virtue is with glory crown'd,  
 Though suns and stars expire.

What awful thought ! what truth sublime  
 What useful lesson this !  
 Oh ! let me well improve my time !  
 Oh let me die in peace.

---

#### THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Though troubles assail,  
 And dangers affright,—  
 Though friends should all fail,  
 And foes all unste ;

Yet one thing secures us,  
 Whatever betide,  
 The scripture assures us,  
 The Lord will provide.

The birds without barn  
 Or store-house are fed,  
 From them let us learn,  
 To trust for our bread ;  
 To his saints what is fitting  
 Shall ne'er be denied,  
 So long as 'tis written,  
 The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships,  
 By tempest be tost  
 On perilous deeps,  
 But cannot be lost :  
 Though Satan enrages  
 The wind and the tide,  
 The promise engages  
 The Lord will provide.

His call we obey,  
 Like Abr'ham, of old,  
 Not knowing our way,  
 But faith makes us bold ;  
 For though we are strangers,  
 We have a good guide,  
 And trust, in all dangers,  
 The Lord will provide.

H

When Satan appears  
 To stop up our path,  
 And fill us with fears,  
 We triumph by faith; —  
 He cannot take from us,  
 Though oft he has tried,  
 This heart-cheering promise,  
 The Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak,  
 Our hope is in vain,  
 The good that we seek  
 We ne'er shall obtain;  
 But when such suggestions  
 Our spirits have tried,  
 This answers all questions,  
 The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own,  
 Or goodness we claim;  
 Yet since we have known,  
 The Saviour's great name,  
 In this our strong tower,  
 For safety we hide,  
 The Lord is our power,  
 The Lord will provide.

When fled is our youth,  
 And death is in sight  
 The word of his truth  
 Shall still be our light;

Though tempests may lower,  
 With Christ on our side,  
 E'en in death's darkest hour,  
 Our God will provide.

---

### THE GOLDEN MEAN.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
 And lives contentedly between  
 The little and the great,  
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
 Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
 Of wintry blast; the loftiest tow'r  
 Comes heaviest to the ground.  
 The bolts that span the mountain's side,  
 His cloud-capt eminence divide;  
 And spread the ruin round.

---

### DAVID AND GOLIAH.

By whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,  
 When he Goliah fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low?  
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

'Twas Israel's God and King  
 Who sent him to the fight  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright.  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
 Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,  
 To storm th' invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher and a lamp?  
 The trumpet made his coming known,  
 And all the host was overthrown.

Oh! I have seen the day,  
 When with a single word,  
 God helping me to say,  
 My trust is in the Lord,—  
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapon from my side?  
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,  
 Will help his servants to the end.

## THE RIGHTEOUS BLESSED.

How blest'd is he who ne'er consents  
 By ill advice to walk,  
 Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
 Where men profanely talk ;

But makes the perfect law of God  
 His practice and delight ;  
 Devoutly reads thereof by day,  
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,  
 With timely fruit doth bend ;  
 He still shall flourish, and success  
 His just designs attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts  
 No lasting rest shall find ;  
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd  
 Like chaff before the wind.

For God approves the just man's ways ;  
 To happiness they tend ;  
 But all the paths which sinners tread,  
 In shame and ruin end.

## TRUE RESIGNATION.

Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
 I'd make my escape and be gone ;  
 I'd mix with the spirits above,  
 Who encompass you heavenly throue :  
 I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
 To the place where the weary have rest ;  
 I'd haste from contention and broil,  
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

How happy are they who no more  
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe,  
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,  
 They have left all their conflicts below,  
 They are far from all danger and fear,  
 While remembrance enhances their joys :  
 As the storm, when escap'd, will endear  
 The retreat that the haven supplies.

Around that magnificent throne,  
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays ;  
 United for ever in one,  
 His people are singing his praise.  
 How holy, how happy are they !  
 No tongue can express their delight !  
 My soul, now unwilling to stay.  
 Prepares for her heavenly flight,  
 But why do I wish to be gone ?  
 Do I want from the danger to flee ?

And shall I do nothing for one,  
 Who was once such a sufferer for me ?  
 Oh Lord ! let me think of the day  
 When thou wast " rejected of men,"  
 And put the base wish far away,  
 And never be fearful again.

Nor less my perverseness forgive,  
 That when ease and prosperity come,  
 Thy servant is willing to live,  
 And his exile prefers to his home :  
 Oh Lord ! what a creature am I,  
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt :  
 Forgive me, forgive me I cry,  
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

---

#### WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jem,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in ev'ry limb,  
 What should it know of death.

I met a little cottage girl,  
 She was eight years old, she said ;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
 That clustered round her head.



She had a rustic woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad;  
 Her face was fair, and very fair,  
 Her beauty made me glad!

Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may you be?  
 How many?—seven in all,—she said,  
 And wond'ring, look'd at me.

And where are they? I pray you tell,  
 She answer'd, sev'n are we,  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the Church-yard lie,  
 A sister and a brother:  
 And in the Church-yard cottage, I  
 Dwell near them, with my mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea;  
 Yet you are seven, I pray you tell,  
 Sweet maid how can this be?

Then did the little maid reply,  
 Seven boys and girls are we;  
 Two of us in the Church-yard lie,  
 Beneath the Church-yard tree.

You run about, my little maid,  
 Your limbs they are alive,

If two are in the Church-yard laid,  
Then you are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,  
The little maid replied,  
Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair ;  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died, was little Jane,  
In bed she moaning lay ;  
'Till God releas'd her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

So in the Church-yard, she was laid,  
And all the summer dry ;  
Together round her grave we play'd,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide ;  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.

How many are you then, said I,  
 If they two are in heaven ;  
 The little maiden did reply,  
 O master ! we are seven.

But they are dead, those two are dead !  
 Their spirits are in heav'n !  
 'Twas throwing words away, for still  
 The little maid would have her will,  
 And said — Nay, we are seven.

---

#### RELIGION

RELIGION is the chief concern,  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage,  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.

O may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be my stubborn will subdued,  
 His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be joined with godly fear,

And all my conversation prove,  
My heart to be sincere.

Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
Through my remaining days ;  
And in me let each virtue shine,  
To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire,  
Let warm affection rise ;  
And may I wait with strong desire,  
To mount above the skies.

---

### CHRISTIAN UNITY.

How pleasing is the scene, how sweet,  
Where Christian souls in friendship join,  
Whose cares and joys united meet,  
In bonds of charity divine !

Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd  
On Aaron's consecrated head,  
When balmy odours richly show'r'd,  
Wide o'er his sacred vesture spread.

Not flow'ry Hermon e'er displayed,  
Impearl'd with dew, a fairer sight,  
Nor Sion's beauteous hills arrayed  
In golden beams of morning light.

On these the Lord indulgent sheds;  
 His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;  
 With life immortal crowns their heads,  
 When time's frail comforts charm no more

---

### TO A CHILD FIVE YEARS OLD.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,  
 Which in Eden's garden grew—  
 Flow'rs of Eve's embower'd dwelling,  
 Are, my fair one, types of you.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses  
 Emulate thy damask cheek;  
 How the bud its sweets discloses,  
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are, by plain direction,  
 Emblems of a double kind;  
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,  
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,  
 Blossom, fade, and die away;  
 Then pursue good sense and duty,  
 Evergreens that ne'er decay.

---

### WISDOM.

ERE God had built the mountains  
 Or rais'd the fruitful hills;

Before he fill'd the fountains  
 That fed the running rills ;  
 In me from everlasting,  
 The wonderful I AM,  
 Found pleasure never wasting,  
 And wisdom is my name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,  
 He spread the skies abroad,  
 And swath'd about the swelling  
 Of ocean's mighty flood ;  
 He wrought by weight and measure,  
 And I was with him then,  
 Myself the Father's pleasure,  
 And mine the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover  
 Thy glory and thy grace,  
 Thou everlasting lover  
 Of our unworthy race !  
 Thy gracious eye survey'd us  
 Ere stars were seen above ;  
 In wisdom thou hast made us,  
 And died for us in love.

And couldst thou be delighted  
 With creatures such as we,  
 Who, when we saw thee—slighted,  
 And nail'd thee to a tree

Unfathomable wonder,  
 And mystery divine !  
 The voice that speaks in thunder  
 Says, " Sinner, I am thine."

---

### FORGIVENESS.

Thus wisdom speaks aloud, and yet  
 Pride hardly will resign ;  
 Though to forgive and to forget,  
 Is godlike—is divine.

When injur'd I can scarce tell how  
 To pass the injury by ;  
 My angry spirit will not bow,  
 Nor let resentment die.

The heaving billows swell within,  
 Till all is tempest grown ;  
 And thus I share another's sin,  
 And make his guilt my own.

But come, my proud, my selfish heart,  
 One serious thought bestow ;  
 Do I thus act the Christian part?  
 Has Jesus acted so ?

Just the reverse : his generous breast  
 Did kind compassion move ;  
 When sinners cursed—the Saviour blest,  
 And inj'ries paid with love.

Although by wicked hands he died,  
 With the last breath he drew  
 "Father forgive," he sweetly cried,  
 Himself forgave them too.

Jesus! I hide my head in shame;  
 I blush and weep to see,  
 That I who wear thy sacred name,  
 No more conform to thee.

O the sharp pangs he underwent,  
 To clear my guilty score!  
 And shall I trifling wrongs resent?  
 No, I'll resent no more!

I'll seize th' offending brother's hand,  
 And call him still my friend;  
 My angry passions I'll disband,  
 And ev'ry quarrel end.

Why should we differ by the way?  
 Why should dissensions come?  
 We hope to spend an endless day,  
 In *one* eternal home.

While others their punctilios boast,  
 Lord, bend my stubborn will;  
 For he that condescends the most,  
 Remains the victor still.

Fain would I imitate my Lord,  
 And bear each cross event;



Humility's its own reward ;  
But pride's a punishment.

Come blessed Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
Descend on balmy wings ;  
Come, tune my passions all to love,  
And strike the peaceful strings.

Jesus, my longing soul shall wait,  
And near thy feet adore ;  
Till I shall reach that blissful state,  
Where discord is no more.

### THE SHORTNESS OF TIME AND THE FRAILTY OF MAN.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span ;  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail, at best is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

Vain his ambition, noise, and show !  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !  
He heaps up treasure mixed with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

Oh, be a nobler portion mine :  
 My God ! I bow before thy throne ;  
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

---

### VANITY OF LIFE

THE evils that beset our path  
 Who can prevent or cure ?  
 We stand upon the brink of death,  
 When most we seem secure.

If we to day sweet peace possess,  
 It soon may be withdrawn ;  
 Some change may plunge us in distress,  
 Before to-morrow's dawn.

Disease and pain invade our health,  
 And find an easy prey ;  
 And oft, when least expected, wealth  
 Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow can shake  
 Our wisdom's boasted rule,  
 And of the brightest genius, make,  
 A madman or a fool.

The gourds from which we look for fruit,  
 Produce us only pain ;

A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.

I pity those who seek no more,  
Than such a world can give ;  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.

Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,  
And creatures fade and die ;  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high.

---

#### THE FIG-TREE,

ONE awful word which Jesus spoke  
Against the tree which bore no fruit,  
More piercing than the lightning's stroke,  
Blasted and dried it to the root.

But could a tree the Lord offend,  
To make him show his judgments thus ?  
He surely had a farther end  
To be a warning word to us,

The fig-tree by its leaves was known,  
But having not a fig to show,  
It brought a heavy sentence down,  
" Let none hereafter on thee grow,"

Too many who the gospel hear,  
 Whom Satan binds, and sin deceives,  
 We to this fig-tree may compare,  
 They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
 Unless combin'd with faith and love,  
 And witness'd by a gospel-walk,  
 Will not a true profession prove.

Without the fruit the Lord expects,  
 Knowledge will make our state the worse ;  
 The barren trees he still rejects,  
 And soon will blast them with his curse.

O Lord, unite our hearts in prayer !  
 On each of us thy spirit send,  
 That we the fruits of grace may bear,  
 And find acceptance in the end.

---

#### MARTHA AND MARY.

MARTHA her love and joy express'd,  
 By care to entertain her guest ;  
 While Mary sat to hear her Lord,  
 And could not bear to lose a word.

The principle in both the same,  
 Produc'd in each a different aim ;

The one to feast the Lord was led,  
The other waited to be fed.

But Mary chose the better part.  
Her Saviour's word refresh'd her heart;  
While busy Martha angry grew,  
And lost her time, and temper too.

With warmth she to her sister spoke,  
But brought upon herself rebuke :  
" One thing is needful, and but one,  
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?"

How oft are we like Martha vex'd,  
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd ?  
While trifles so engross our thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot.

Teach us, O God, this thing to choose,  
Which they who gain can never lose ;  
Sufficient in itself alone,  
And needful were the world our own.

Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,  
Thy love is all that I require !  
Gladly I may the rest resign,  
If the one needful thing be mine.

# THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

**THOUGH** all these things substantial seem,  
**The world itself is but a dream,**  
 And soon must pass away :  
**The things that variously employ,—**  
**That yield us either grief or joy,**  
 Must see their final day.

**How sweet to have our portion there;**  
**Where sorrow never comes, nor care,—**  
 And nothing will remove ;  
**We then may hear without a sigh,**  
**The world's destruction to be nigh ;**  
 Our treasure is above.

**How sweet to know the Saviour's name,**  
**The Saviour who in mercy came,**  
 And vanquish'd all our foes :  
**On him, as on a solid rock,**  
**Our hope is built, and stands the shock**  
 Of ev'ry storm that blows.

**Then, let a world of shadows go,—**  
**It matters not, his people know**  
 Their treasure still is sure ;  
 'Tis laid up there where nothing fades,  
**No rust consumes, no thief invades,—**  
 And thus it is secure.

## MUTUAL EXHORTATION

WHILE in the world we still remain,  
 We only meet to part again ;  
 But when we reach the heav'nly shore,  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we should see that day,  
 Should chase our present griefs away ;  
 A few short years of conflict past,  
 We meet around the throne at last.

Then let us here improve our hours,  
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;  
 To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,  
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

Let all our meetings now be made  
 Subservient to each other's good ;  
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
 Nor can they yield substantial food.

Whene'er requir'd to part from those,  
 With whom the truth unites us here,  
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,  
 When Christ the Saviour will appear.

Then shall his saints all meet again,  
 For so his word of promise says ;  
 With him for ever to remain,  
 And sing his everlasting praise.

**THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.**

Ye worlds of light that roll so near  
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss;  
 Oh! tell how mean your glories are,  
 How faint and few, compar'd with his.

We sing the bright and morning star,  
 Jesus the spring of light and love:  
 See how its rays, diffus'd from far,  
 Conduct us to the realms above!

Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,  
 Point out the doubtful christian's way;  
 Still as he goes, he finds the road  
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.

Thus, when the eastern magi brought  
 Their spicy gifts, a star appear'd,  
 To guide them to the good they sought,—  
 To keep them from the ill they fear'd.

O joy! to reach that heavenly place,  
 From darkness, as from sorrow far,  
 Where through the boundless fields of space  
 For ever shines the morning star.



## GOD OUR LIGHT.

O God, my sun, thy blissful rays  
 Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart ;  
 How dark, how mournful are my days,  
 If thine enliv'ning beams depart !

Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day  
 Appears to these desiring eyes ;  
 But shall my drooping spirits say,  
 The cheerful morn will never rise ?

O let me not despairing mourn,  
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;  
 My glorious sun will yet return,  
 And night with all its horrors fly.

O for the bright, the joyful day,  
 When hope shall in fruition die !  
 As tapers lose their feeble ray,  
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

## THE WISDOM OF GOD.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;  
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !  
 Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;  
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 Performs his work—the cause conceals ;  
 But though his methods are unknown,  
 Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
 He executes his firm decrees ;  
 And by his saints it stands confest,  
 That what he does is ever best.

Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
 Prostrate, before his awful seat ;  
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

---

#### THE LORD OUR GUIDE.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land,  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Open, Lord, the sacred fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Death and Satan's mighty victor,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

# THE GREATNESS AND CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

IMMORTAL King! through earth's wide frame,  
How great thy honor, praise, and name;  
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,  
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

When wrapt in thought with wakeful eye,  
We view the wonders of the sky,  
Whose frame thy fingers, o'er our head,  
In rich magnificence have spread.

The silent moon, with waxing horn,  
Along th' ethereal region borne;  
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,  
That nightly walk their destin'd round.

Lord, what is man, that in thy care,  
His humble lot should find a share;  
Or what the son of man, that thou,  
Thus to his wants thy ear should'st bow?

Subjected to his feet by thee,  
To him all nature bows the knee;  
The beasts in him their Lord behold,  
The grazing herd, the bleating fold.

The fowls of various wing, that fly  
O'er the vast desert of the sky;  
And all the watery tribes that glide,  
Through paths to human sight deny'd,

Immortal King through earth's wide frame  
 How great thy honor, praise, and name,  
 Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,  
 Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.

---

### THE LORD OUR DEFENCE

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every toil,

Made every region please;

The hoary Alpine hills it warn'd,

And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,

How with affrighted eyes,

Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,

In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,

And fear in every heart;

When wayes on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,

O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet, then, from all my griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy set me free ;  
 Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,  
 My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life—if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

---

#### OUR ETERNAL HOME.

Oh God our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home ;

Under the shadow of thy throne,  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth receiv'd her frame ;  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their cares and fears,  
 Are carried downward by the flood,  
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come ;  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

## THE CREATION.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
     And praise th' Almighty's name ;  
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise  
     To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
     Ye scenes divinely fair !  
 Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,  
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
     And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels catch the thrilling sound,  
 While all th' adoring thrones around  
     His boundless mercy sing ;  
 Let every list'ning saint above,  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
     And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, ye vocal choir :  
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
     The mighty chorus aid !  
 Soon as gray ev'ning gilds the plain,  
 Thou moon protract the melting strain  
     And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
     Who called yon worlds from night :  
 "Ye shades disperse," th' Eternal said;  
 At once th' involving darkness fled;  
     And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
     United praise bestow :  
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name  
 To heaven aloud, and roar acclaim  
     Ye swelling deeps below;

Let ev'ry element rejoice  
 Ye thunders burst with awful voice,  
     To him who bade you roll :  
 His praise in soften'd notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
     And breathe it to the soul :

To Him, ye graceful cedars bow,  
 Ye towering mountains bending low,  
     Your great Creator own ;  
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
 How Sinai kindl'd at his look,  
     And trembl'd at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
     In mutual concert rise :



Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
And waft its spoils a sweet perfume,  
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing;  
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ;  
Spread his tremendous name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The gen'ral burst of joy.

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#### THE PRAISE OF THE REDEEMER.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,  
May an infant lisp thy name?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days:  
Sounded through the wide creation,  
Be thy just and lawful praise.

For the grandeur of thy nature  
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;  
 For created works of power,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought ;

For thy providence, that governs  
 Through thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;  
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
 Dark through brightness all along ;  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;  
 Who dare sing that awful song ?

Brightness of the Father's glory,  
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?  
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence ;  
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

Did archangels sing thy coming ?  
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.

From the highest throne in glory,  
 To the cross of deepest woe ;  
 All to ransom guilty captives !  
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Go, return, immortal Saviour,  
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;

Thence return and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all thine own.

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### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

And can no sov'reign balm be found ;  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly.

There is a great Physician near,  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;  
See in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give.

See in thy dying Saviour's blood  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow ;  
'Tis only this all-powerful flood  
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For now a sov'reign cure is found,—  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

**BENOLD** where in a mortal form  
 Appears each grace divine ;  
 The virtues all in Jesus met,  
 With mildest radiance shine.

The largest love of human kin',  
 Inspired his Godlike breast ;  
 In deeds of mercy, words of peace,  
 His kindness was express'd.

To spread the rays of heav'nly light,  
 To give the mourner joy,  
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
 Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart to all, his friends  
 A friend and servant found,  
 He wash'd their feet and wip'd their tears,  
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.

Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
 Patient and meek he stood ;  
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—  
 He labour'd for their good.

To God he left his righteous cause,  
 And still his task pursu'd,  
 While humble prayer and holy faith,  
 His fainting strength renew'd.

In the last hour of deep distress,  
 Before his father's throne,  
 With soul resign'd he bow'd and said  
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Be Christ our pattern and our guide,  
 His image may we bear;  
 Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,  
 And his bright glories share!

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#### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my life, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall  
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd— my perils o'er—  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever, and for evermore,  
 The star, the star of Bethlehem.

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#### PRAISE TO GOD.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Through every land, by every tongue.  
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing;  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:  
 In every land begin the song;  
 To every land the strains belong;  
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
 And let the world be fill'd with praise

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## GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys;  
 Transported by the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,  
 The gratitude declare  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart;  
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
 It gently clear'd my way;  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by sickness, oft has thou  
 With health renew'd my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
 Has made my cup run o'er,  
 And in a kind and faithful friend,  
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And after death in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more,  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord!  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song, I'll raise;



But oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

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### PRAYER.

**PRAYER** is the soul's sincere desire;  
Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watch-word in the hour of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While Angels in their songs rejoice  
And say, "behold! he prays."

In prayer, on earth, the saints are one,  
 In word, in deed, in mind,  
 When with the Father and the Son,  
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor is pray'r made on earth alone,  
 The Holy Spirit pleads,  
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou! by whom we come to God,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod  
 Lord, teach us how to pray

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#### DANIEL PRAYS TO GOD.

THRICE every day on bended knee  
 The mighty prophet fell,  
 In prayer, O Lord, to plead with thee,  
 And all thy praise to tell.

"Thine is the power, my God," he cried;  
 "The righteousness is thine;  
 On us, despair and shame abide,  
 Until thy mercies shine.

Like sheep on yonder mountain's brow,  
 Thy people far astray,  
 Have ceased their shepherd's voice to know,  
 And wander'd from his way.

Pleased with their painted idols still,  
 And heedless of thy love,  
 They dare resist a father's will,  
 Nor fear his curse to prove.

But in that boundless love, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy yet display ;  
 Ah ! breathe the spirit and the word,  
 Ah ! teach them to obey.

Wide is the breach by ruffians trod,  
 The gaping wound is sore ;  
 Then heal thy people, gracious God,  
 Oh ! heal them, and restore !"

He prayed — and thou didst hear his prayer ;  
 Returning mercy shone  
 Upon the people of thy care,  
 For they were still thine own.

Then where the howling desert lay,  
 A voice was heard to cry —  
 Prepare, prepare the level way,  
 For God himself is nigh.

In mighty love, in matchless power,  
 He leads the nation on ;  
 Jerusalem doth bless the hour,  
 Her victory is won.

Israel is taught thy peace to know,  
 Sweet peace without alloy ;

And streams of soft contrition flow,  
Mixed with her tears of joy.

Jehovah, thou who answerest prayer,  
And know'st the sinner's plea,  
'Tis our's a heavier chain to bear,—  
Then draw us; Lord, to thee.

Satan and sin with strength combine,  
To sink the prison'd soul ;  
But, Lord ! omnipotence is thine,  
Thou all their rage control.

Oh ! set the captive spirit free,  
Oh ! cleave the galling chain ;  
Thou art the source of liberty,  
And be it thine to reign.

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#### ON WORSHIP.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints,

My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee.

Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set  
 To find their way to Zion's gate ;  
 God is their strength, and through the road,  
 They lean upon thy help, O God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
 Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there.

#### ON SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around  
 Its peaceful shelter spread,  
 So shall that living word abound,  
 The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord,  
 In stillness and in pray'r !  
 What though no preacher speak the word  
 A minister is there,

A minister of wond'rous skill  
 True graces to impart ;  
 He teaches all the Father's will,  
 And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,  
 And bids the coldest glow ;

He speaks—and lo! the softest tears  
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,  
He bows the loftiest soul ;  
O'er all we think and all we feel,  
How matchless his control!

And ah! how precious is his love,  
In tenderest touches given ;  
It whispers of the bliss above,  
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind in streams of joy,  
The holy influence spreads ;  
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,  
For God that influence sheds.

Dear Lord, to thee we still will pray,  
And praise thee as before ;  
For this, thy glorious gospel day,  
Teach us to praise thee more.

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#### THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs,  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No care to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Oh, long-expected day, begin,  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

#### PARENTAL CHASTISEMENT.

'Tis my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross,  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :—  
 Trials must, and will befall;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.—

Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way ;  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
 I should prove a cast-away ?  
 Some may perchance escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God,  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

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#### LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.

God of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
 When the great water floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
 Where, but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?



That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;  
 But a pray'r-hearing, answering God  
 Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
 I have an advocate with thee;  
 They whom the world caresses most,  
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

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#### PEACE AFTER A STORM.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind  
 And smiling day once more appears;  
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
 The follies of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

Oh! let me, then, at length be taught  
 What I am still so slow to learn,  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ;  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

HAPPY the soul whose wishes climb  
 To mansions in the skies !  
 He looks on all the joys of time  
 With undesiring eyes.

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,  
 And throws her silken chain ;  
 And wealth and fame invite his arms,  
 And tempt his ears in vain.

He knows that all these glittering things  
 Must yield to sure decay ;  
 And sees, on Time's extended wings  
 How swift they fleet away !

To things unseen by mortal eyes,  
 A beam of sacred light  
 Directs his views, his prospects rise,  
 All permanent and bright.

His hopes still fix'd on joys to come,  
 Those blissful scenes on high,  
 Shall flourish in immortal bloom,  
 When time and nature die.

O were these heavenly prospects mine,  
 These pleasures could I prove ;  
 Earth's fleeting views I would resign,  
 And raise my hopes above.

### CHARITY:

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,  
 Our dying Master stands,  
 His weeping followers, gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips,  
 What tender accents fell !  
 The gentle precept which he gave,  
 Became its author well.

" Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart  
 " Feels all another's pain ;  
 " To whom the supplicating eye  
 " Was never raised in vain.

- " Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth  
 " A stranger's woes to feel,  
 " And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 " He wants the pow'r to heal.  
 " He spreads his kind supporting arms,  
 " To ev'ry child of grief;  
 " His secret bounty largely flows,  
 " And brings unask'd relief.  
 " To gentle offices of love  
 " His feet are never slow;  
 " He views through Mercy's melting eye  
 " A brother in a foe.  
 " Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 " My peace to him I give;  
 " And, when he kneels before the throne  
 " His trembling soul shall live.  
 " To him protection shall be shown,  
 " And mercy from above  
 " Descends on those who thus fulfil  
 " The perfect law of love.
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#### HUMILITY.

LORD, do thou thy grace impart;  
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 Let me like my Saviour be,  
 Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I know,  
 Nothing may I seek below ;  
 Aim at nothing great or high,  
 Lowly both in heart and eye.

Simple, teachable and mild,  
 Chang'd into a little child,  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

Saviour, fix my soul on Thee,  
 Ev'ry evil let me flee ;  
 Nothing seek beneath, above,  
 Happy in thy boundless love.

O that all may seek and find  
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !  
 Him let Israel still adore,  
 Trust and praise him evermore.

#### MEEKNESS.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
 Clear as the Summer's evening ray,  
 Calm as the regions of the blest,  
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

His heart no broken friendships sting,  
 No jars his peaceful tent invade ;  
 He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,  
 Hostile to none, of none afraid.

Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,  
 Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;  
 Repel each passion rude and wild,  
 And bless us as we aim to bless.

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#### FOR RESIGNATION.

THOU power supreme, whose mighty scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil,  
 Here firm I rest ; they *must* be best,  
 Because they are *thy* will.

Then, all I want—O, do thou grant  
 This one request of mine !  
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to resign.

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#### SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command.  
 Whose love forbids my fears !  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
 That wipes away my tears.

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No ; rather let me freely yield  
 What most I prize to thee ;  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.  
 Thy favour all my journey through,  
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.  
 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
 Shall I resist them both ?  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth.  
 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway ;  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

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#### VERSES FOR THE MORNING.

ARISE, my soul, with joy arise,  
 In trembling rapture to adore  
 The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
 Whose mercy grants me one day more.  
 Oh, may this day, Indulgent Power,  
 Nor idly spent, nor useless be ;  
 But may each swiftly-flying hour  
 Draw me, in nearer love, to thee.

And will the Eternal Power divine,  
 Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,  
 While countless worlds and angels join  
 To swell the varying song of praise.

Oh, will he lend the listening ear,  
 When abject mortals feebly pray ?  
 The feeblest pray'r he stoops to hear,  
 .Nor casts the meanest wretch away.

Then, let me serve thee all my days,  
 Whilst love and zeal with years increase ;  
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways ;  
 Jehovah ! all thy paths are peace.

#### VERSES FOR THE EVENING.

Soft season of repose,  
 Thy sable curtains spread ;  
 Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings  
 Around my weary head.

But ah ! the lawless range  
 With which my thoughts have stray'd ;  
 Through mazy paths of sense and sin,  
 From morn to evening's shade.

Ah ! born to nobler ends,  
 My soul no more pursue  
 These fleeting vanities of life,  
 But bid the world adieu.



Thy pity, gracious God,  
 Thy pardon I implore ;  
 Oh, heal these follies of my mind,  
 And aid me with thy pow'r.  
 Be thou my friendly guard,  
 While slumb'ring on my bed ;  
 And with thy sacred teachings fill  
 The visions of my head.  
 Devoted to thy fear,  
 Thy service and thy praise ;  
 My God, I would be wholly thine,  
 The remnant of my days.

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#### VERSES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :—  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.  
 As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find,  
 As the light'ning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,  
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

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#### ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight ;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic like the sun ;  
 It gives a light to every age,—  
 It gives but borrows none.

The hand that gave thee, still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat,  
 His truths upon the nations rise,  
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine,  
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view,  
 In brighter worlds above.

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#### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;  
 How soon the vapour flies !  
 Man is a tender transient flower,  
 That e'en in blooming dies.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,  
 And beauty smiles no more ;  
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms,  
 Which pleased our eyes before.

The once lov'd form now cold and dead,  
 Each mournful thought employs ;  
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
 And wither'd all her joys.

But wait the interposing gloom,  
 Behold ! stern winter flies ;  
 And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,  
 The flowery tribes arise.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;  
 When what we now deplore,  
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
 And bloom to fade no more.

Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears,  
 Religion points on high ;  
 There everlasting spring appears,  
 And joys that cannot die.

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LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY BREAKETH.

CEASE here longer to detain me,  
 Fondest mother, drown'd in woe,  
 Now thy kind caresses pain me,  
 Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing,  
 Harbinger of endless day,  
 Hark! a voice the darkness cheering,  
 Calls my new-born soul away.

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,  
 On the world's wild boisterous flood,  
 Pierc'd, with sorrows, toss'd with danger,  
 Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
 Now my trembling heart find rest ;  
 Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
 Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
 Upward turning towards their home;  
 Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,  
 While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre—  
 Weeping, parting, care or wo,  
 Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—  
 Morn advances, let me go—

As, through this calm, holy dawning,  
 Silent glides my parting breath  
 To an everlasting morning,—  
 Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,  
 Pour their streams upon my heart!  
 (Though no language yet possessing)  
 Breathes my spirit e'er we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,  
 Though again his voice I hear;  
 Rise! may every grace attend thee  
 Rise! and seek to meet me there.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD, FINDS HIM  
 EVERY WHERE.

O THOU! by long experience tried,  
 Near whom no grief can long abide;  
 Dear Lord, how full of sweet content  
 I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,  
 To souls impress'd with sacred love ;  
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,  
 In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place, nor time,  
 My country is in ev'ry clime ;  
 I can be calm and free from care  
 On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
 The soul finds happiness in none,  
 But with a God to guide our way,  
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,  
 That were indeed a dreadful lot !  
 But regions none remote I call,  
 Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone,  
 Nor other can I claim or own ;  
 The point where all my wishes meet,  
 My law, my love, life's only sweet.

Ah ! then ! to his embrace repair,  
 My soul, thou art no stranger there ;  
 There love divine shall be thy guard,  
 And peace and safety thy reward.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?  
 When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heaven's together roll;  
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.  
 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

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## MAKE ME AS A CHILD.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art;  
 Make me as a weaned child;—  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.  
 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may beside,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave;  
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care;  
 Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;  
 Fears to stir a step alone :  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my father, guard and guide.  
 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
 May I live upon thy smiles,  
 Till the promised hour appears,  
 When the sons of God shall prove  
 All their Father's boundless love,

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THE WORLD NOT OUR CONSTANT DWELLING.

" WE'VE no abiding city here ;"  
 This may distress the worldlings mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

" We've no abiding city here ;"  
 Sad truth were this to be our home ;  
 But, let the thought our spirits cheer,  
 " We seek a city yet to come."

" We've no abiding city here ;"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.



“ We’ve no abiding city here ;”  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Zion its name ; the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.

Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless’d !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I’d flee to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !  
 The time my God appoints is best,  
 While here, to do his will be mine,  
 And ~~h~~ to fix my time of rest.

**F I N I S.**





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